

AFRAID OF PARALYSIS

A NERVOUS SUFFERER CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

The Medicine That Makes Rich, Red Blood and Performs Wonders as a Tonic for the Nerves.

Why are nervous people invariably pale people?

The answer to that question explains why a remedy that acts on the blood can cure nervous troubles.

It explains why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are also for nervous people.

It is because of the intimate relation between the red corpuscles in the blood and the health of the nerves. The nervous system receives its nourishment through the blood. Let the blood become thin, weak and colorless and the nerves are starved—the victim is started on the road that leads to nervous wreck.

Nervous people are pale people—but the pallor comes first. Circulation of the blood and the nerves are stimulated and toned up to do their part of the work of the body. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make red blood and transform nervous, irritable, ailing people into strong, energetic, forceful men and women.

Mrs. Harriet E. Porter, of 50 Liberty Avenue, North Bedford, Mass., says:

"I had never been well from childhood. A few years ago I began to have dizzy spells. At such times I could not walk straight. I was afraid of paralysis and was on the verge of nervous prostration. Then neuritis set in and affected the side of my face. The pains in my forehead were excruciating and my heart pained me so that my doctor feared neuritis of the heart. I tried several different kinds of treatment but they did me no good.

"One day my son brought me some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I found that they strengthened my nerves. I took several boxes and felt better in every way. There were no more dizzy attacks, the neuritis left me and I have been a well woman ever since."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are invaluable in anemia, rheumatism, after-effects of the grip and fevers and in sick headaches, nervousness, neuritis, and even partial paralysis and locomotor ataxia.

Our booklet "Nervous Disorders, a Method of Home Treatment" will be sent free on request to anyone interested. Write for it today.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

FREE FARMS

Over 200,000 American farmers who have settled in Canada during the past few years testify to the fact that Canada is the greatest farming land in the world.

Over Ninety Million Bushels of wheat from the harvest of 1906, means good money to the farmers of Western Canada when the world has to be fed. Cattle raising, Dairying, Mixed farming are also profitable callings. Coal, wood, water in abundance, churches and schools convenient; markets easy of access. Taxes low.

For advice and information address the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or E. T. Holmes, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn., and J. M. MacLachlan, Box 24, Waterville, So. Dakota. Authorized Government Agents.

Please see where you see this advertisement.

He Could Fill the Bill.

A day or two after George B. Cortelyou assumed the duties of Secretary of the Treasury, he was visited by an elderly man who wanted an appointment as confidential clerk to one of the assistant secretaries.

Notwithstanding the fact that he was very busy at the time, Mr. Cortelyou gave the elderly person a hearing. On account of his age, Mr. Cortelyou said, he felt that he could not comply with the request. So, gently but firmly, he intimated to the old man that it was about time for him to go. This, however, did not dampen the latter's spirit in the least.

"Now, sir," said he, "as I feel myself peculiarly competent to fill one of these confidential clerkships, I hope that you will further consider my application." Then, wagging his head most impressively, he added:

"Oh, Mr. Cortelyou, I could be so confidential!"—"Success Magazine."

Living Up to His Name.

A teacher in a mission school in Boston had among her pupils a colored boy named Ralph Waldo Emerson Longfellow. As he was absent one Sunday, she asked the class if any one knew the reason for his absence.

"I reckon 'em," said one small, serious-looking boy.

"What is the reason, Johnnie?"

"I guess he's home writing poetry," responded the boy, with a delighted chuckle.

Necessary.

"I am afraid you are becoming a practical politician," said the sincere friend.

"I am," answered the eminent personage. "A statesman must be a mighty good politician if he wants to stay in public life long enough to put his theories into actual operation."—Washington Star.

AN OLD EDITOR

Found \$2,000 Worth of Food.

The editor of a paper out in Okla. said: "Yes, it is true when I got hold of Grape-Nuts food, it was worth more than a \$2,000 doctor bill to me, for it made me a well man. I have gained 25 pounds in weight, my strength has returned tenfold, my brain power has been given back to me, and that is an absolute essential, for I am an editor and have been for 35 years."

"My pen shall always be ready to speak a good word for this powerful nutritive food. I had of course often read the advertisement regarding Grape-Nuts, but never thought to apply the food to my own use, until, in my extreme oldness and sickness, the thought came to me that it might fit my case. The statements in regard to the food are absolutely correct, as I have proven in my own case. One very fortunate thing about the food is that while it is the most scientifically made and highly nourishing, concentrated food I have ever known, it has so delicious a taste that it wins and holds friends."

"This is a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pica.

THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

Mrs. Thorngate was waiting for her, and she came to her. At the first glimpse of her sweet, motherly face Audrey's nervousness went. The vicar's wife spoke cheerfully and kindly to the girl, and as they walked out of the station together her thoughts were very busy.

"What could George have been thinking about when he spoke of this child as 'nice looking'? Why, the words are heresy when used to describe her face! Poor soul! I am sorry for her! Such beauty in her station of life does not mean happiness."

Andrey found herself speaking quite naturally and easily to this kind mannered woman, and answered all the questions Mrs. Thorngate put to her in her fresh, clear voice and refined tones.

But whatever the vicar's wife was turning over in her mind it was never permitted to appear. As Mrs. Thorngate patted her on the cheek—a pretty place even in the chill February weather—a young lady, mounted on a bay horse with black points, and attended by a smart groom, rode swiftly along the road. She drew rein as she saw Mrs. Thorngate.

"Glad to see you," she cried, in a clear, rather hard voice. "Have you seen anything of Lord John? They tell me he came a cropper just by Delf Woods, and went back by train to get another mount, as he had lamed old Hector. You have not seen him, Mrs. Thorngate? Dear me, how glad I am to hear that! He is quite hot, and we shaped the have such a rattling good run."

"It is a pity," Mrs. Thorngate assented heartily, for in her youth she had been a first rate sportswoman, and she sympathized with the girl's disappointment. "But can't you catch them up somewhere, Miss Fraser? Where was the meet?"

CHAPTER III. Sheila Fraser explained everything in her sharp way, and Audrey, standing modestly in the background, looked in admiration and surprise at the girl who turned figure sitting easily in the saddle, at the small, oval face under the straight hat brim, and the coil of red-gold hair at the nape of the neck.

How pretty this Miss Fraser was! Her teeth were so even and so white, her cheeks so rosy, and in color; only her eyes seemed old and hard. They moved about quickly, and to Audrey were just like sharp needles.

"I rode back to inquire after Lord John at his mother's request, because some one said he was really hurt. Now, I wish I had not been so quick. I should have said that I shall do."

Miss Fraser tapped her small foot with her whip impatiently, and then frowned. The wind had blown the veil over Audrey's face again, but she could see through it easily, and she did not like that from it, made the eyes more sharp and cruel than before.

"I suppose it is no use asking you to have some luncheon with me," Mrs. Thorngate said, and then, all at once, she remembered Audrey, and uttered an exclamation. "I very nearly forgot," she said, turning to Miss Fraser, "your new maid has arrived. This is she."

Sheila Fraser looked curiously at the slender form in its black cloak and all. "Oh!" she said shortly; she paused a moment, and then addressing Audrey, "you had better go up to Dinglewood at once; ask Birchan; she will tell you what your duties are, and—what is your name?"

"Maxie—Audrey Maxie," Mrs. Thorngate replied, quickly.

"Well—er—Maxie, you must alter your dress. That funeral cloak and veil are simply absurd. Please see to that at once."

Miss Fraser bent from her saddle to ask one or two questions confidentially of the vicar's wife, and then her face flushed, and she uttered an exclamation of pleasure.

"Here he is, after all!" as a horse-man came fleetly toward them.

Jack Glederswood pulled up with a jerk.

"Hallo, Sheila, you here? Why, I thought you would have been at Sherwood Downs, at least, by this time."

He was thoroughly well cleaned of all mud, and looked as sleek and span as Miss Fraser herself, as he removed his hat and greeted Mrs. Thorngate.

"Heard you had a cropper, and, as your mother was anxious, I rode back to see what was left of you," Sheila replied in a curt, somewhat masculine manner.

"Poor mother," he said, lightly. "Well, the best thing we can do is to trot down to Welland! The hounds went through there a few minutes ago, I heard; I thought I might catch them up here, but as they have not come this way, we are pretty sure of tumbling in with them in that direction."

He looked eager to be off, and his eyes never went toward the gate where Audrey stood, shrinking back shyly, in her black garments. A few more words exchanged and the two young people rode off, and Mrs. Thorngate came up to Audrey.

"Well, how do you like your young mistress? Look at her! So pretty—"

Andrey paused for a moment, then in a numb sort of way she answered: "She is very pretty, I think."

"Miss Frase is the acknowledged beauty of these parts—she is a hearse. Dinglewood is a lovely place. I hope you will get on well with her, my dear, and be happy in your new home."

Miss Fraser came home very tired about 6 o'clock, and found Birchan, her first maid, carefully instructing the newcomer in the various duties expected of her. Audrey, amidst of her mistress's commands, and put on her only other gown, a thick gray one of rough material, with neat collar and cuffs, and a black-ribbed apron. Her hair was brushed straight off her face, and rolled in a huge knot at the back of her exquisitely shaped head. She was pale, but her eyes were shining with admiration and surprise and some excitement. Never, in her wildest dreams, had she conjured up so many lovely things as were massed together in Sheila Fraser's apartments, with their silken hangings, their dainty furniture, costly ornaments, and the hundred and one appointments which finished every corner.

"It is like fairyland," Audrey said over and over again in her bewilderment. She hardly liked to tread on the Persian rugs and furs thrown on the floor, and she held her breath as she stood beside the ivory toilet table, and gazed at the brushes and array of bottles and other knickknacks in old Dutch silver.

"If I can could but see them!" was her thought.

She was quite dazed with all the love-

BREEZES OF THE PRAIRIE.

Oh, the scent of the sage comes drifting down on the breath of a prairie breeze. From the plains where the bunch-grass ripples brown, like the waves of the summer sea. And the dear, sweet smell of the hillside pines and the cotton woods that grow In canyons deep comes home to me when the west winds gently blow.

I can see the bulk of a milling herd in the rain clouds massing black. (By the angry breath of the storm wind stirred) and riders on its track; I can hear the rush of a mad stampede when the lightnings flash and glow, And wild hoofs beating the prairie sod when the stirring west winds blow.

Oh, for the feet of a braided rein and the plunge of a prairie steed, And the brave, true hearts that the open plain and the wind-swept mountains breed.

Oh, for the days on the long divides and nights by the camp fire's glow, Hard on the trail of the herds that roam where the prairie breezes blow.—Bohemian.

ANOTHER CHANCE

The man's whole attitude was indicative of tiredness. The drooping curves of his mouth, the haggard lines on his not unhandsome face, the listless hands and unseeing eyes, all bespoke one who has fought and failed, one tired of the world, tired of himself, and weary of life.

For some considerable time he had been seated on one of the park seats apparently heedless of the curious glances with which several passers-by regarded him. Occasionally his hand would wander to his coat pocket, where his fingers closed round the butt of a small revolver, which once or twice he had drawn out and then put back with a faint sigh.

At last he became aware of some one staring fixedly at him. He looked up, and beheld a boy of about 8 years old, with sturdy legs planted firmly and widely apart and hands clasped behind him. Seen by a third party, the man and the boy formed a strange contrast—the one who had lived his life and the other before whom the wondrous Book lay open at the first page.

He was a thoroughly English boy, who seemed to move almost in an atmosphere of virile activity and strength, evidently the idol of well-to-do parents, to judge by the cut of his clothes and the cost of the war-like playthings with which he was decorated. On his head he wore a miniature soldier's helmet, and strapped around his waist he had a gleaming toy sword.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the boy in a manly little voice, when he found that the man was returning his gaze with interest, "I did not mean to be rude; I thought that you were asleep. Would you mind telling me the time?"

The man's hand instinctively went to his waistcoat pocket; then he paused, and smiling grimly, slowly withdrew the chain and showed a watchkey and a pawnticket dangling at the end.

"What does that mean?" asked the boy, drawing nearer.

"It means," said the man, "it means that I am unable to tell you the time with any degree of certainty. But, judging by the sun, young sir, I should say that it is high time that you were seeking your nurse and getting to bed."

"No, I'm privileged to-day," said the youngster. "This is my birthday, and with something of a swagger he came up and leaned against the arm of the seat.

"Indeed!" said the man with some degree of interest. "Well, I suppose I ought to wish you many happy returns of the day, eh?"

"Why, of course," cried the boy, "and then I say the same to you, and many of them—that's the rule."

"Thank you, my lad," said the man. "But I fear there are no more 'happy returns' for me." He paused a second, and then added: "No, I have arrived at the end."

"Do you mean that you are dying?" asked the lad.

The man gazed at his questioner for a minute, smiling whimsically at the white, and then replied, "Yes, I'm dying fast. Just see that sun sinking behind the trees over there. When that goes down I shall be dead, only that's going down in a blaze of glory, whilst I—"

The shoulders of the man and a shrug of the shoulders completed the sentence.

The youngster's blue eyes opened wider as he listened, and he sidled up closer to the man, who appeared to be only occasionally conscious of his presence.

"I've never seen a dying man," he said presently, and there was a certain amount of awe in his tone. "I've heard and read about them, but I've never seen one. May I stay?"

Receiving no reply, he took the consent for granted, and hoisted himself on to the seat beside the man, who now seemed lost in thought.

"Maybe they'll read about me to-morrow," murmured the man. "Six lines or so, no more, and no one will care."

The boy had been looking up quaintly into the man's face for a while, and then he said:

"You don't look as though you were dying. What are you doing?"

The man laughed bitterly.

"General failure, my lad," he said. "Failure of purpose, failure of means, insufficient powers of endurance, inability to stand a prolonged fast. They can put all those down on my death certificate, with a comma between each and a bullet for a full-stop at the end."

"Are you hungry?"

"There are several forms of hunger," the man continued, speaking almost to himself. "The hunger for food—that's natural; the hunger for human sympathy—that's unnatural. I've suffered from both, and I know which is the worst."

Evidently the boy could not quite grasp the drift of this part of his companion's speech, and his mind reverted to the beginning.

"My father is a general," he said.

HELPS TRADE IN MOLASSES.

Making of Vinegar Out of Blackstrap Now a Thriving Industry.

Baltimore is getting back a small portion of her molasses trade, which a quarter of a century ago was a large item in the commerce of the city. In those good old days before the trusts molasses-laden schooners were always to be seen in the harbor, having brought their cargoes from Louisiana and Porto Rico. With the forcing from business of the small bakery by the big biscuit and cake companies the demand for molasses in large quantities dropped off until it became a unique event when a molasses-laden schooner made port.

While this bakery trade has never returned, the use of the ordinary Porto Rico blackstrap molasses for other purposes has within the last year brought about a resumption of the trade, and during the last season no fewer than five large cargoes of molasses have come to port, with more to follow.

The large four-masted schooner Robert H. McCurdy has lately been in port unloading a big cargo from San Juan, Porto Rico. Her cargo consists of 3,008 barrels of blackstrap. As is the custom, the barrels are rolled to Bowley's wharf and placed on their sides. With her cargo almost completely discharged the McCurdy's molasses barrels cover a little more than an acre.

This molasses, a great percentage of which is alcohol, is now used by two Baltimore firms for the manufacture of vinegar. It is not generally known that the best table vinegar is not made any more from hard cider. It is only in recent years that blackstrap molasses has been used for this purpose. Well-known wholesale grocers are authority for the statement that this vinegar is of the best quality. It is likely that from now on the molasses schooners will be making port every three weeks during the season—Baltimore News.

All Honor to the Apple.

The apple is a splendid fruit, and though particular specimens of it are rare. The different varieties have a pronounced individuality. The personal equation is prominent. The difference between the Porter and the Baldwin—each a pomological star of the first magnitude—is as marked as the difference between a Connecticut bank clerk and a Kentucky colonel. The man who invented or discovered the Baldwin conferred on humanity a boon and he did more to tickle the palate than has ever been realized.

Of many uses is the apple capable. Whether it is eaten raw or converted into sauce or made the basic element of pie or subjected to other forms of artistic treatment by the American housewife it serves a useful and important purpose.

History has never done adequate justice to the apple. Poets have never adequately celebrated in song the virtues of the fruit. Political economists have never fully recognized the full part that the apple plays in the affairs of men.—Hartford Times.

His Mistake.

Fred—The ways of women are past all understanding.

Jack—What's the trouble now?

Fred—While I was in the parlor alone with Miss Pinkleigh, she lowered the gas, and thinking it was a hint for me to propose, I did so, but she refused me.

Jack—Huh! You ought to have known that negatives are always developed in dark rooms.

Conrage Promoters.

"Women," remarked Wedderly, "are a great incentive to many courages."

"What's the explanation?" queried his friend Singleton.

"Well," replied Wedderly, "since I've been up against the matrimonial game and had a few little tiffs with my wife, the prospect of a scrap with the toughest citizen in town seems like more child's play to me."

Slow March of Music.

It takes time for some operas to come to England, but Gluck's "Armide," belated of Marie Antoinette, probably establishes a record in this respect. To be exact, "Armide"—produced at Covent Garden last night—has taken 120 years to reach our shores since its initial production in Paris.—London Daily Mail.

The Usual Variety.

Jaggies—Is his flying machine a success?

Waggies—Half way so. It always comes down flying.—Puck.

OUR NATIVE TONGUE.

European Peoples Have Little Love for English Language.

The people of Continental Europe who are under the necessity of learning the English language have little affection for it. Its complicated origin has laden it with an immense number of inconsistencies, contradictions and duplications, and above all with an irregular and inflexible system of spelling—a system that is just now receiving the attention of our own reformers.

Germans are accustomed to speak of the English language as "a monster having two mouths, with one of which it speaks German and with the other Latin."

The Slavonic peoples of central and western Europe, who by reason of the fact that they have been compelled to learn many languages, and are therefore great linguists, have a legend to account for the inconsistencies of English which is yet more uncompromisingly than the German animadversion against our mother tongue.

This legend is to the effect that when the Almighty created the nations he gave men no tongues at all. When they came and dumbly begged for them, he compassionately took a piece of meat and cut it into slices, giving each one a slice to serve as a tongue.

This arrangement served well enough; but when the Englishman, who had either lazily or contemptuously failed to arrive sooner, came and demanded his piece, there was none left. Accordingly the Deity called back the men of other nations, and slicing from each of their tongues a little bit, he put them all together to make a tongue for the Englishman. And this is why the English continue to the present day to speak in such a jumble.

Students have averred that this story, originally heard in Croatia, is so close a representation in allegory of the actual facts in the origin of the English language, that it has a "made-up" air. It is, nevertheless, picturesque and interesting.

STUFFED APE TO BE SOLD.

Consul is Unlabeled at Appraiser's Office Because of Import Tax.

Within a few days a visit of more than a year will have ended, and the last engagement of Consul, once a famous chimpanzee, will have come to a close, says the New York Herald.

Governmental red tape has for the last twelve months kept Consul or all that remains of him, a close prisoner in the office of J. H. Storey, deputy collector of the port of New York. During that time the stuffed figure of the monkey has become so familiar to the clerks of the office that they stopped staring at the sight of him standing there, looking like a dwarfed human.

When his owner took Consul away from New York, where he had been born and reared, it broke the animal's heart. After going all over Europe and attracting the attention not only of the curious but of the learned as well, Consul became ill of pneumonia at the close of an entertainment given before Kaiser William in Berlin. Three days later he died, having shown, so it is said, no desire to recover.

His owner decided to have him stuffed by the best taxidermist in Berlin, and forwarded to Dr. E. L. Buckley, 53 Cranberry street, Brooklyn, with instructions to the physician to present the specimen to the natural history museum.

When the body arrived here a year ago the United States authorities notified Dr. Buckley that he would have to pay a 20 per cent duty, but this he declined to do. As a result the stuffed figure was put in the office of the collector to stand guard over the other seizures.

Readily Explained.

"You are well preserved for your age."

"Yes; I was 'canned' at college."—The Wash.

Every woman who owns a sewing machine has a number of "attachments" that go with it which she never uses.



WEARY OF LIFE.

then throwing stones at a dog in the pond; the dog was their 'cattle,' you know—at least, I pretended it was. So I—I surrounded them, and then I charged. Oh! my eye, they did run."

And, as if inspired by the remembrance of his former bloodless victory, he drew the sword from its scabbard with a flourish and half descended from the seat, whereat the two urchins promptly disappeared.

"That's the worst of the enemy," he said, getting back to his seat with an air of disappointment. "They always run away."

"Not always," said the man. "There are enemies and enemies, you know, and some are always with us."

"That's just what Mr. Parsons says," exclaimed the boy. "He is our clergyman. He says that drink is an enemy, and despair, and that we must fight them."

The man shook his head sadly.

"Ah!" he said. "I have fought them, and I have lost."

"Not yet, surely!" cried the boy. "They haven't killed you yet. Let us fight them together. Come along, I'll help you."

And a new light suddenly gleamed in the man's eyes, almost as though he had caught the contagion of the boy's fighting spirit, and just as he was about to reply a quick, firm step was heard coming along the gravel path, and a tall, bronzed, gray-haired man of soldierly appearance swung round the bend and stopped before them.

"You young rascal," began the newcomer; but he was interrupted by a slight cry from the man on the seat, who instantly sprang to his feet, and, bringing his heels together with a sharp click, came mechanically to the regulation salute.

The boy thinking that this was part of the game, immediately ranged himself alongside his newly found friend in exact imitation of his attitude, and for a few seconds there they stood—the elderly war-worn general, dapper and smart in his well-brushed rags; and the youngster in his martial trappings, saluting by his side.

"I—I know you," said the General presently, looking keenly at the man from beneath his shaggy eyebrows. "I know you—why, bless my soul! Sergeant Collins?"

"Yes, sir," said the man, still remaining at the salute.